

See West Society

SATURDAY MORNING VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV.

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1848.

NO. 42.

Office over the Drug Store,
(Entrance from the Public Square.)

TERMS:

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12.00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3.00.

POETICAL.



From the Model American Courier.
THE DEPARTING DAY.

BY PHILIP F. WISLAR.

Night is rolling on ward slowly,
Clothed in robes of misty gray,
And to silence calm and holy,
Passeth now the beautiful day.

See you cloud, so brightly beaming
Tinted prismatic o'er the glade;
It, with gorgeous colours streaming,
Too, like day, is doomed to fade.

The fountain see in sunbeams glancing,
Gushing from the sylvan grove,
On its bosom bubbles dancing,
Like a thing of life and love.

And the river's glad emotion,
Leaping to the zephyr's breath,
Rushing heedless to the ocean—
Metaphors of life and death!

Like the cloud above the mountain,
Like the evanescent day,
Like the river and the fountain,
Man is doomed to pass away!

Thus in reckless sport and pleasure,
Runs the human life-time on—
Till old Time fills up the measure—
Kills it up, and life is gone!
Newportville, 1848.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

"Do you ever trust, Mr. Astor," inquired Mr. K.

"I do not trust strangers, sir," was the reply, "unless they furnish satisfactory city reference."

"Then," quoth Mr. K., "the skins I have selected must suffice for this time," and paying for the same, he departed.

In the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young trader returned for his lot of skins. Throwing the whole pack on his back, he left the store, but had not proceeded a dozen yards from the store, when Mr. A. called his name, bidding him come back.

"Sir," said Mr. A., "you may have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store."

"But," stammered Mr. K., "but, my dear sir, I can give you no city reference."

"I am a stranger here."

"I ask no other recommendation," responded the rich merchant, "than that already furnished by yourself. The man who is not above his business need never hesitate to apply to John Jacob Astor for credit."

Thus commenced a trade between two merchants, which was continued to the mutual satisfaction and advantage of both for a long term of years. Mr. K. is now one of the most eminent capitalists in New Bedford.

A BOSTON BULL.—The Boston Times says: "On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition but no first edition."

This reminds us of an honest Hibernian, who called at our office with an advertisement, the price of which, he was told, would be fifty cents for the first time, and twenty-five for the second.

"Faith, then," said he, "I'll have it in the second time."

Drunkness is but voluntary madness; it emboldens men to do all sorts of mischief.

MR. WELLER'S STORY ABOUT THE FAT MAN.

From the Pickwick Papers.

"I'll tell you what it is, young boss constructor," said Mr. Weller, impressively, "if you don't sleep a little less and exercise a little more, you're coming to be a man, you'll lay yourself open to the same sort of personal inconvenience as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as were the pig-tail."

"What did they do to him?" inquired the fat boy.

"I'm a goin' to tell you," replied Mr. Weller; "he was one of the largest patterns as was ever turned out—reg'lar fat man, as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five-and-forty years, and if you'd put an exact model of his own legs on the dinin' table afore him, he wouldn't ha' known 'em. Well, he always walks to his office with a very handsome gold watch-chain hangin' out, about a foot and a half, and a g-d watch in his fob pocket as was worth—I'm afraid to say how much, but as much as a watch can be—a large, heavy, round manufacturer, as stout for a watch, as he was for a man, and with a big face in proportion. You'd better not carry that 'ere watch," says the old gen'l'm'n's friends, 'you'll be robbed on it,' says they. 'Shall I?' says he. 'Yes, will you,' says they. 'Vell,' says he, 'I should like to see the thief as could get this 'ere watch out, for I'm blessed if I ever can; it's such a tight fit,' says he, 'and I never want to know what o'clock, I'm obliged to stare into the baker's shop,' he says. Well, then he laughs as hearty as if he was a goin' to pieces, and out he walks agin' with his powdered head and pig tail, and rolls down the Strand with the chain hangin' out further than ever, and the great round watch almost bustin' through his grey kersey smalls. There wasn't a pickpocket in all London as didn't take a pull at that chain, but the chain never broke, and the watch 'ud never come out, so they soon got tired of draggin' such a heavy old gen'l'm'n along the pavement, and he'd go home and laugh till the pig-tail vibrated like the pender-lum of a Dutch clock. At last one day, the old gen'l'm'n was a rollin' along, and he sees a pickpocket as he know'd 'a-comin' up, arm in arm with a little boy with a very large head. 'Here's a game,' says the old gen'l'm'n to himself, 'they're goin' to have another try, but it won't do. So he begins a chucklin' very hearty, ven, all of a sudden, the little boy leaves hold of the pickpocket's arm, and rushes headforemost straight into the old gen'l'm'n's stomach, and for a moment doubled him right up with the pain. 'Murder!' says the old gen'l'm'n. 'All right, sir,' says the pickpocket, a whisper in his ear. And ven he comes straight agin', the watch and chain was gone, and what's worse than that, the old gen'l'm'n's digestion was all wrong ever afterwards, to the very last day of his life; so just you look about you young fellow, and take care you don't get too fat."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it.

When filling a cart of manure at the farm or dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him, as doubtless he did to help me when I was last and he was first.

When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper, or sheet of a magazine, with the literature for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of there being more.

When I have lived in barracks-room, I have stopped my own work, and have taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it, or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so.

I have been engaged in political literature, for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject into its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do which was much more pleasant and profitable.

When I have needed employment, I have accepted it at whatever wages I could obtain—at plough, at farm drain, in stone quarry, at breaking stones for roads, at wood-cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian or as a soldier. I have in London cleaned out a stable and groomed a cabman's horse for a sixpence, and been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have already obtained—been sought after and offered ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accept of shillings, I would not have risen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working. Whether at laboring or literary work, with a spade or with a pen, I have been my own helper.—Autobiography of a Working-Man.

A LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Economy in living is thought to be a great virtue. I shall not gainsay it. But benevolence in living is a far greater virtue. To save expense in ourselves in order to do good to others, is a high virtue; but he who economizes to hoard up wealth so that he may best at the great game of millions, has the blood of his own heart down to zero on the scale of moral excellence. My splendid sister! my magnificent brother! go with me a moment behind the scenes of the great theatre of common life, where I must often go. Perchance you have been this very morning to order you a new dress or suit for the gaieties of the season. Think not they are made in the bright shops where you ordered them. Come and see. There in that comfortable looking room, that comfortable looking woman is at work upon your dress—my sister. How strange it seems. Such gay articles in such a place and hands look as strange as a corpse in trinkets and feathers! There she is to sit till midnight, working out of her narrow, quieties for you—till midnight, unless driven out at evening to seek more profitable (?) occupation. You say this is not your fault, I hope not. You ordered

pay for notice or papers? No. But surely you don't charge for such things. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

RESPONSIBILITY OF SOCIETY.

An excellent divine of this city, a friend of ours, said to us one day:—"We have not learned the responsibility of society to individuals. We talk much of the responsibility of individuals to society, but we forget that society is equally bound to protect all her children."

I was some time since dining with a distinguished Judge of the Queen's bench, in London. The conversation turned, as you may well imagine, on the condition of the poor. I said to the Judge:

"Sir, did you observe those poor children, ragged and emaciated in filth, which you passed to-day driving from your house to Westminster?"

"No, I observed none."

"Yet you must have passed some hundreds."

"It is very likely, but it did not occur to me to observe them."

"And what must be the fate of those poor children?"

"Some of them will die of disease, some will emigrate, and some I shall probably hang."

"What means have they of obtaining an honest livelihood?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Is there no alternative for them but to beg, steal or to starve?"

"I presume not."

"And have you considered their condition, ascertained their wants, done what you could to avert the evils to which they are exposed?"

"Not at all. I have been otherwise engaged."

"Let me tell you then, sir, I would rather take my seat at the day of judgment with those you hang, than with yourself."

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"By no means. I would simply assure you that those whom you condemn to be hung are less guilty than yourself. God has given you wealth, talents, education, a commanding position in society, and yet you can pass daily, unnoticed, hundreds of young beings, who, as they grow up, must necessarily beg, steal or starve. You do not see them; you do not think of their wretched condition; you do nothing to save them from that crime on which you may hereafter sit in judgment; and am I to regard them as guilty and you as innocent?—you, who might, had you put forth your hand, have saved them from falling victims to corrupting social organization?"

The rich man, the man of talents and education, occupying an honorable and important post in society, who can forget the poor and exposed, fail to observe the thousands growing up for the gallows, and refuse to labor day and night to save them from the doom that must await them, is, of all the victims of society, the most sincerely to be pitied, and whose hard lot is the least of all to be envied.—Boston Quarterly Review.

A SHORT SERMON FOR PARENTS

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had endeavored early to teach him three things: obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given to any parent.

Teach your children to obey.—Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. One of the most successful parents that I have known, said that this point was usually settled between him and his children before they were three months old. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of a child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent.—The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than the idea which parents have that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let him learn early to be useful.

As to truth—it is the one thing essential. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception!

The odor of turpentine is a deadly poison to moths and their grubs. A few pieces of paper smeared slightly with turpentine, and placed in drawers where furs and woollens are kept, will completely prevent the ravages of the above named destructive insects.

From the Model Courier. BEAUTY.

'Tis not the form's exquisite mould—
The silken curls' voluptuous flow—
The lightsome step—the witching eye—
The small white hands and snowy brow—
Can that be beautiful which fades,
Like rainbow from the cloud of dawn,
That withers at the touch of time,
Like flowers beneath a burning sun?

Oh, what are beauty's boasted charms?
A fleeting glance—a passing smile—
A form, whose graceful lineaments
Conceal too oft the heart of guile;
A vain and vacant smile may play
On rosy lips and dimpled chin—
The eye may brightly glance, yet give
No token of a mind within.

But ah! the mind—the undying mind,
Hath holier beauties of its own—
A charm that lingers on to bless
When outward loveliness hath flown.
Aye, lingers when the cheek is pale,
And care hath dimmed the eye of mirth;
Unaltered by the frost of time,
Or changing circumstance of earth.

Martinsburg, Va., Oct. 1848. N.

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your suit at a prosperous looking shop, and gave, you think, a good price for making it. Doubtless. But do you think the maker gets it?"—Rev. E. M. P. Wells.

LIFE IS SWEET.

"What," I asked a friend who had been in a delicious country, "did you see that best pleased you?"

"My friend has cultivated her love of moral, more than her perception of physical beauty, and I was not surprised, when, after replying with a smile, that she would tell me honestly, she went on to say:

"My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman, in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases, aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as rigid as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not been in a bed for seven years. He suffers acute pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars. This pittance, by the rigid economy of his wife, and some aid from kind rustic neighbors, brings the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses.—She has never too much to do, to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of conjugal duty.—Her love is as abounding as his wants—her cheerfulness as sure as the rising of the sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively."

"I did not know which most to revere, his patience or hers; and so I said to them. 'Ah,' said the good man, with a most serene smile, 'life is still sweet to me; how can it but be so with such a wife?'"

And surely life is sweet to her, who feels every hour of the day the truth of this green-leafed acknowledgement.

O ye, who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep, and daylight freshness—ye murmurers and complainers, who fret in the harness of life till it gall you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud—consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup!—Miss Sedgewick, in Union Magazine.

Among the emigrants who recently arrived at this port, was a party of Hollanders, who came in the Garonne from Rotterdam, and who having been forced by religious persecutions to leave their homes, are now about to settle near their countrymen at Freedorp and Grand Haven, Michigan. They come under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. D. Budding, a very talented, eloquent and wealthy clergyman, who has for many years been conspicuous in Holland, for his advocacy of liberal opinions, and his opposition to the tyranny of the Government.

When the Government passed a law that no synod of more than 19 members should be allowed to assemble, he denounced it repeatedly from the pulpit. For doing so, he was fined altogether over 40,000 guilders, and was imprisoned for a considerable time. The company whom he brings out are all from the city of Dordrecht. They are 77 in number, and although poorly dressed, have with them over \$100,000 in specie.

Another company of twenty-five Hollanders, who came in the ship Madeline, bringing with them over \$40,000, and bound for Grand Haven, yesterday started up the river. Within a year past, the Rev. Drs. Van Realten and Stikkee have brought over and settled colonies at New Holland, Michigan; the Rev. Drs. Niphem, Bolks and Vander Meule, colonies at Freedorp, Michigan; the Rev. Dr. Scholten, a colony in Iowa, and the Rev. Dr. Sonne, a colony in Wisconsin, all of which are in a most flourishing and prosperous condition.—A. Y. San.

"My Love," said Mrs. Fizzle to her husband, "oblige me with twenty dollars to day to purchase a new dress."

"Shan't do any such a thing—Agnes, you called me a bear, yesterday!"

"Law, love, that was nothing—I meant by it that you was very fond of hugging."

"You're a saucy little puss, [snatched her like the explosion of a pistol,] but here's a fifty."

Never grow weary of life, or wish yourself dead, let your discouragements and misfortunes be what they may. Since we cannot tell what the next hour will bring forth, it is better to live on and see the man who fears to live is most de-

cient of courage, for cowardice, not bravery, leads men to self-murder.

CONNECTION.—Many of our readers were somewhat startled, at the announcement in our last number, of the demise of Maj. Farmer. We are credibly informed, however, that we were under a mistake, which was based upon the following fact: The Maj. called at our office on the Thursday previous, and assured us that he would, on the following Friday, "if he was alive," hand us a load of pine knots, for which we had sometime since rendered up to him an equivalent. Friday came, and Friday passed away, minus the knots—we neither saw nor received any tidings of the Maj., and the only rational conclusion that we could come to was, that he was certainly dead, and in obedience to a long established usage of our craft, we proceeded forthwith to pay the last obsequies to departed memory. We take pleasure now in announcing to his numerous friends and acquaintances, that he is yet alive—up and doing. A long life and abundant prosperity, say we!—and that we may receive the knots!

—Fredericktown, (Mo.) Espial.

We think our brother of the Espial did perfectly right in announcing the Major's death under the circumstances, but decidedly wrong to announce that he was alive again, the more especially so, as he failed to produce the knots, when he furnished the editor with the evidence that he was still alive and kicking. We would hardly commit such an indiscretion as that, and can only account for friend Lindsay's doing so, purely from a desire to accommodate the Major, and not that he believed him to be alive. Is it not so?

SMITH O'BRIEN.

AN INCIDENT.—During the progress of the trial of this distinguished Irish patriot, a gentleman applied to him for his autograph, when he handed him the following lines, betokening no drooping or faltering on the part of Mr. O'Brien:

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for Man."

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

The Ruins of Ancient Ninveh—that wicked city which poor Jonah preached to so reluctantly—are now being explored by an English antiquarian named Eayard. The city once "thirteen days journey" in extent, was located on the east bank of the Tigris, twenty miles below Mosul, and Mr. Eayard finds that "the buildings were provided with a complete system of sewerage, each room having had a drain with a main sewer." The buildings are found to have been made of sun dried bricks, the rooms lined with slabs of marble, covered with bas relief. The earliest buildings, constructed probably twelve hundred years before Christ, were buried, and the earth which had accumulated upon them was used as a cemetery seven hundred years before Christ.

A Noble Lord, not over courageous, was once so engaged in an affair of honor, as to be drawn to Hyde Park to fight a duel. But just as he came to the Porter's Lodge, an empty hearse came by on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, "Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare." This operated so strongly on his lordship's nerves, that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

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A Precious Bustle.—An English paper says the wife of a Cornish bankrupt was supposed to have conspired about her person, money, or other property of value, belonging to her husband's estate. She was searched a few days ago, and in her "bustle," which was unusually bulky, were found watches and jewelry of the value of £100.

Men and Women.—It has been well remarked that "men lose their hearts through the eye, and women through the ear."

The celebrated Wiles, who made so much noise in his time, though very ugly, was yet a great favorite with the ladies. He once told Lord Townshend, who was said to be the handsomest man in Europe, that if he would give him half an hour's start, he should not be afraid to compete with him for the affections of any woman in England.

Headed Gunpowder.—From study recent experiments, the fact is established, that fine saw dust or rasped wood, steeped in a mixture of concentrated sulphuric and nitric acid, and afterwards washed and dried, will explode similar to common gunpowder, and if managed slightly, with much greater force. The greatest wonder about this is, that the fact had not been discovered earlier.